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Wu Tao Tzu. But of Northern Sung and Southern Sung and the immeasurable spiritual distance between the two, of the strange sheltered life of conscious beauty and mystical passion that flowered at Hangchow, of the migration northward again into austerer air and more intellectual ideals, of the delicate, corrupt, declining grace of Ming—and of all the splendid art of Japan, from the rude horses on clay chafing-dishes found in shell-heaps to the Monkey-bridge of Hiroshige, there is no space to speak here. The story is written out full with many more matters in these two volumes, and set through with pictures admirably chosen and exquisitely reproduced. For many a year, probably for more than one generation, this will be the one book indispensable for compactness, breadth, personal knowledge of the paintings, and critical estimation and interpretation by an artist, a poet, and a religious soul.

CARDINAL MANNING. THE DECAY OF IDEALISM IN FRANCE. THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE. Three essays by JOHN EDWARD COURTENAY BODLEY. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1912.

The three essays contained in this goodly volume are interesting not only because they are able, instructive, and rarely well written, but because they contain, over and above the matter of the essays, the personality of the writer. Personality to-day is almost as absent from literature as is idealism, according to Mr. Bodley, from France. To let the self shine through, to betray between the lines of one's writing a temperament, an individual history, a philosophy of life, is to cram one's book with double measure of interest, and that is what is done here.

Mr. Bodley had undertaken an exhaustive work on France, the country in which he had spent the twenty-two last years of his life. The work was interrupted by dreary wastes of ill-health, and the two essays in this volume may be the only portions of the work given to the public.

For the essay on Manning, Mr. Bodley was fitted by a long and intimate acquaintance, dating from the author's first year at Oxford and lasting till the death of the Cardinal. To the average reader of character, Manning is not a pleasant figure. He was subtle and successful. He was never known to espouse an unpopular cause or to stand by any brother laid under suspicion of new or original thinking. His attitude toward Cardinal Newman, which was definitely an asset to Manning during his lifetime, has been a reproach to him ever since his death. His complaint is pathetic but a little contemptible to the author that one of the bishops had spoken of him as "a good young man, but a forward piece," while the old Cardinal in whom the phrase long rankled counted upon his fingers: "I had been captain of the Harrow eleven; I had got my first at Balliol; I was the leader in debate at the Oxford Union; I had been a fellow of Merton and Archdeacon of Chichester—and all they could say of me was that I was a 'forward piece.'"

Mr. Bodley feels that Manning's distrustful and unkindly attitude toward Newman was wholly excusable. "The history of the Christian Church would have been meager but for the quarrels of persons of apostolic temperament," he writes, feeling that history is made up of misfortunes, clashing, and war. Mr. Bodley says the inherent antagonism between the two men whose external history offered so many parallels

was due primarily to the natural conflict of an objective and subjective mind. According to Mr. Bodley, Newman was unwholesomely centered upon his own soul, while Manning was interested in converting England to Romanism. From an outsider's point of view the difference would seem more nearly to be that Newman was by nature spiritual, preoccupied with supermundane thoughts and feelings, while Manning was born, bred, and lived a man of the world. Not even the standing of his church in England quite divorced him from worldly ambitions and pretensions, as witness the importance put upon Manning's precedence on the Queen's sign-manual of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes.

Mr. Bodley has many little spurts of vivacious temper and malice at the Cardinal whom he did not love. "It would perhaps be an exaggeration to say," he writes, "that Newman's conception of heaven was a beatific Oxford Common-room, where he elected the members and also chose the wines—as he did at Oriel—which in that sphere would symbolize the cordial virtues of friendship."

Of Manning, the essayist says: "He was the only good man I have known intimately—though one or two others have crossed my path whom I suspected of goodness—and I have known one or two good women." This is one of the little bursts of personal confidence that give the book an added value and endear the writer to his audience.

He is not always as kind to women as in this paragraph, being doubtless one of that class of mental invalids who is willing to grant virtue but not intelligence to the weaker sex. In his essay on the "Decay of Idealism" he disclaims any intention of flying "with abstractions three hundred feet above the level of facts." "An excursion in those arduous regions," he says, "is an easy and ordinary incident in the life of that inquiring sex which in this country crowds the courses of M. Bergson—just as the honorable women of decadent Greece, in the rich cities of Macedonia, deserting the Thracian Bacchus and the gods of the neighboring Olympus, were the most eager disciples of the traveling professor of Tarsus.

Mr. Bodley's thesis in the second essay is that throughout the world, but especially in France, there has been a complete victory of the concrete and the practical to the utter destruction of the abstract and the ideal. Iron and steel works have conquered university culture, and a mechanical age has mastered and annihilated the supremacy of intellect. In 1881 he thinks there was still a remnant of idealism gasping in France, and altruistic virtues laid some restraint upon man's desire to "arrive." The *arrivistes* are no longer confined to the Hebrew race. "Arriving" has become a cosmopolitan habit, and has spread ruthlessly and unabashed over the world. That there must some day be a reaction, a new birth of delicate scruples, and a new fervor toward ideals, all cultured people join with the author in hoping.

A WANDERER IN FLORENCE. By E. V. LUCAS. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1912.

Mr. E. V. Lucas, if a somewhat desultory observer, is at all costs a charming writer, and so perhaps few things would be more delightful